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1921

Seepings

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Poem.

SEEPINGS

Composed

By

MARY C. VONDRA

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no 1

Composed

On

March 30, 1921.

Photograph Taken

On

April 3, 1921

Book

Published

On

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M
C
V

Published in Omaha

Setting

leads from the city,

into the real country,—back through

the town country,—and thence

back to the warrier's old home,—

Omaha.

The
character is a
girl of the far, deep
wilderness,—for her first time
in a city.

The
poem itself is a
comparison of one life
with another.

Photograph
is that of the author,
as representing the character
in the poem.

1.

"I've learned to love the city,
It's ev'ry sight, and way,
It's bright illuminations,
Which turn night into day."

2.

"I love it's rumbling trolleys,
Shrill hoots of speeding cars,
The throngs of down town people,
But hate it's lure which mars."

3.

"I'm lonesome for you, mother,
Since God called you away,
And townsfolk came to Woodsdale,
Convinced I should not stay."

4.

"They've brought me to their mansion,
'Tis like a "Land Of Nod,"
Where there is rest, and plenty,
But where there is no God."

5.

"They've stripped me of my homespuns,
Your weary hands did weave,
In modern styles they've clad me,
But old memories cleave."

6.

"They've locked me in my study,
With, 'You've a lot to learn,
Life is too short for brooding,
To sob, and plead, and yearn."

7.

"Home memories I cherish,
E'en Woodsdale's very rocks,
I'd rather have you, mother,
Than all my pretty frocks."

8.

"As I watch through my window,
The world, of which I'm fond,
My sight, piercing the skyline,
Carries my soul beyond."

9.

"I travel o'er the bylands,
Of hills, and valleys green,
Bedecked with glist'ning brooklets,
Which beauty artists glean."

10.

"With cool springs as my "brightwines,"
Wild berries as my "bread,"
The soft winds as my "music,"
I "feast,"—a Godward tread."

11.

"I cross His marshy meadows,
Where strive the larks, and quails,
Of which you taught me, mother,
Long, sweet, and sacred tales."

12.

"Here 'tis a "Sanctuary,"—
It's "Lamp,"—the glowing sun,
Winds say the "Benediction,"
Each day, 'till that day's done."

13.

"I tramp o'er lonely prairies,
'Pon which the sun does beam,
Where in their dreary dugouts,
The wild beasts reign supreme."

14.

"I stride o'er rolling barrens,
Where dwells no grief, nor pain,
Through forests of the "Red" men,
And fields of waving grain."

15.

"I've reached the woody lowlands,
Through which I used to roam,
Where labor is a pastime,
The wilds of Woodsdaye,—home."

16.

"I hear Roe's silv'ry water,
Lap softly 'gainst the shore,
Toward stands it's musty row boat,
It sails the depths no more."

17.

"I tread the narrow pathway,
  Which leads from "Mossy Rock,"
And winds into the thickets,
  Where shrubb'ry forms a lock."

18.

"Here stands our quaint, old cottage,
Whose shelt'ring days are o'er,
With little, latticed windows,
And crudely cut, latched door."

19.

"I hear the gentle breezes,
As with the leaves they play,
I hear the babe birds crying,
As "mother" flies away."

20.

"I hear the distant church bell,
Peel forth it's evening chimes,
It has not ceased it's mid rings,
With changing of the times."

21.

"'Tis God calling attention,
In yore,—obeyed he was,
As, pausing on the wheat fields,
We prayed the Angelus."

22.

"Sun's hazy rays are dying,—
Cattle are treading home,
I hear their bells' faint music,
Brightening the dull gloam."

23.

"The loneliness is breaking,
By wolves' loud, dismal howls,
And hooting in the tree tops,
Of doleful looking owls."

24.

"I hear birds sweetly twitter,
Nest'ling for coming night,
I hear the crickets' chirping,
A song both, sharp, and spright."

25.

"I hear my own, faint echo,
Ring through the gloomy lane,
When evening's shades are falling,
'Fore night enfolds Earth's main."

26.

"The darkened world is starlit,
The moon displays it's charms,
Enshrines you on the doorstep,
At rest, with folded arms."

27.

"Your thoughts are with dear father,
Who long ago has gone,
But God had wished it, mother,
And God's will must be done."

28.

"I hear you murmur softly,
When I sit by your side,
As you hand me the teachings,
To always be my guide."

29.

"I see you smile, and kiss me,
As, crying you repress,
I hear your mournful sighing,
I feel your fond caress."

30.

"That dreadful morn, I live through,
When, what did I behold,—
When I leaned o'er, kissed you, and,—
Your lips were marble cold."

31.

"On Wodsdale's highest hillock,
Your rest bed sets, alone,
Above the dale of sunshine,
Where "Love Of God" is known.'

32.

"I feel the pain I bore, when,
I left that "Land of God,"
Sighing pines, bidding farewell,—
And you, beneath the sod."

33.

"Forgive my bitter sobbing,
The tears have blurred my sight,
The fond vision has vanished,
Like nature's lights of night."

34.

"I'll 'bide by your example,
Thus live a sweet refrain,
So pave my way to Heaven,
Where we will meet again."

35.

"I'll strive to scorn the wronging's,
Of "World of joy, and woe"
And sow the seeds of "Justice,"
Where 'ere I chance to go."

Finis.

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